

## No Show For Shirkers

Only Men Who Take Advantage Of Opportunities Make Progress In The World and Become Successful.

BY MADISON C. PETERS.  
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**S**HIKERS have no show with the world. A good many folks seem to have got into their heads the fancy that prosperous people have secured their goods by some turn of the wheel of fortune.

Just you put this down in your book. This old world is a beehive of industry in which men are rewarded according to their efforts.

Life is not a lottery in which shirkers have the same show as the workers.

Circumstances do combine sometimes to give men favorable opportunities for improving their conditions as well as for grasping precious prizes, but often these happy combinations of circumstances are the result of established forces which have made the most of, so that they become fortunate. Those who neglect them and allow them to pass are unfortunate. Herein lies the idea that Shirkers intend to convey in the famous line:

There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

**The Successful Man.** The successful man is not he who sits waiting for something to turn up, or idly folding his hands, saying: "It is of no use," but rather he who takes advantage of circumstances when they are favorable and overcomes when they are adverse.

Circumstances arise as much from the activity of strong minds and determined wills in heroic souls as from the operation of regular causes in God and nature, and consequently they can be used to your advantage or to your hurt, just as you yourself decide.

**An Ambitious Army.** There is a pitiable class, an aimless army of young men in our land, who are the sport of circumstances. They act without a life purpose, they take any job that comes along which pays immediate cash, with no thought of a permanent career or greater remuneration at a future day. They just drift from one job to another, making a living, but receiving no more pay at 25 than at 20, only to find that by letting slip golden opportunities to establish a life purpose, they have doomed themselves to the treadmill of drudgery for the rest of their lives.

**Lincoln's Long Walks.** The lesson of famous biographies is the value of one's all-animating, all-controlling purpose. Such was the power of purpose in Abraham Lincoln, that when he commenced to study law he walked from New Salem to Springfield, 22 miles, returning the same day, bringing with him four large quarto-volumes of "Blackstone's Commentaries" and when surprise was expressed that he should carry such a burden so many miles, the future president smilingly said that in addition he had read nearly a hundred pages on his way home and a trial proved that he could repeat most of the pages read.

**Henry Wilson's Success.** Henry Wilson was "brought out" to a farmer in New Hampshire at ten years of age. By improving his odd moments and limiting his sleeping hours he was an educated man by the time he was 16 years of age. For a year after he was free he worked on a farm at six dollars a month. Then he tied up his wardrobe in a handkerchief and walked one hundred miles to Natick, Massachusetts, to become a cobbler. He planned his route through Boston that he might visit Bunker Hill. The trip cost him one dollar and eighty cents. In two months from the time he learned to make shoes he was the best cobbler in town. A year later he was the best shoemaker in the village. Five years later he was in the state legislature, where he made a speech against slavery which made him a state-wide celebrity. Two years later he was a state senator. In 26 years from the time that he entered Natick with all his worldly belongings under his arm, he stood shoulder to shoulder with Charles Sumner in the United States senate, in the mighty conflict against slavery. Whether plowing, studying, working or sleeping, he had a grand purpose and a high aim in life. He acted as though the world waited for his coming and expected him to take it by the throat.

**Garfield's Determination.** James A. Garfield when eighteen months old, lost his father. Not a single dollar was left for an inheritance. In the backwoods of Ohio, without school advantages, the boy determined to make his own way. He chopped wood, drove a team, filled the soil, did everything he could to earn a few pennies to help his mother. At 15 we find him a driver on a canal boat, thirsting for more knowledge. When he had earned enough money to pay for a cutter's schooling, with one suit of clothes and two shirts, he started his studies and soon qualified himself to teach.

Determined to pursue his studies he became a bell ringer and sweeper in Hiram College. The bell-ringer soon became a teacher. He graduated from Williams College with high honors. He became a teacher in Hiram college.

## A Story of Wide Appeal

## Their Married Life

## Merry Party Meets Ann.

**H**ELLEN and Warren had planned to go with Jack and Frances to meet Ann. At first Helen had demurred, sure that Jack would prefer to meet Ann alone, but Jack had laughed at the idea.

And so the four had planned to meet her, and then go out to dinner somewhere, as the train got into New York at 6:20. At the big station everything was bustling life. People swarmed in and out under its impressive stone arches.

"Did you hear her as I told you, Jack?" Frances queried anxiously. "You know I left everything to you, and you promised to attend to it."

"I wired her that I would be here, of course," Jack returned. "But I didn't say anything about the rest of it. It would be plain to surmise."

"The train has come in," Helen interrupted excitedly as the first straggle of people began to stream through the gates, "and oh, there she is, behind that tall woman."

**Ann Arrives.** "Well, here she is," said Frances, rushing up to her, "all your little pale, good-looking child, you've grown fat. What have they been doing to you out in Kansas?"

"She hasn't changed a bit," Warren said, gazing at the flushed little face. Warren had always liked Ann best. When she was a small child, she was so simply sincere, so eager to spend herself for others.

It was a fault not common, and Warren, who was inclined to be selfish himself, saw this unselfishness in others more quickly than he would have otherwise.

"We are all going to torment you and Jack through dinner," Frances announced. "Do you mind if we promise to let you go up to my study afterward, so that you can get acquainted again?"

"Of course not," said Ann smiling deliciously, "and I am crazy to see the studio. Frances, you are a peach to let me stay with you till I get married."

"But you're not going to stay with me," said Frances dramatically.

"I'm not? Well, where am I going to stay?"

## Life Savers

If this were so, how many chaps would try to sink?



**T**HERE are life savers and LIFE SAVERS. Would the chap with a pin in his chest from the wound of a pair of eyes that had loved and ridden away ever call a girl a life saver, do you think? He would not, and with grumble in his necktie when he sees me dub her that. Nevertheless, as soon as it beaks, that wound, and he can beat himself on the chest and find it open, he will go sobbing to some sweet eyes to "save his life!" Meaning "love me—or I die!"

There's a life saver that glimmers before the eyes of the little chap who's mowed the lawn all morning through—hot cake, the "left-over" layer—with nothing 'fall on top. That's how a fellow likes it best.

here he won distinction as a student and soon after was made the head of the college. At 29 years of age he was a state senator and at thirty-two a major-general in the Volunteer Army. At thirty-three he became a member of congress. At 44 he was elected to the United States senate and before he had time to take his seat in that body he became president of the United States 27 years from the time he asked for a chance to ring the bell and sweep the halls of Hiram college.

## Manners and the Man

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

**"R**ECENTLY I overheard two men discussing the fact that when one of them entered the elevator of a department store recently in the company of a young woman, he took off his hat—but felt that the other man in the car was laughing at him. Have you any comment to make on this matter?" writes I. M. S.

Indeed I have. There was a time when even in office buildings men removed their hats and everyone became a gentleman. The great influx of women into the commercial world has made men feel that it is impractical—a necessity not to be endured. So, conventional accents and smiles at the fact that men who would not dream of standing in an office where there was a woman and keeping their hats on will keep them so in the elevator leading to that office. I am old-fashioned enough not to like this, but I bow my head to the rule of the majority.

"The rule of the majority," however, does not say that when a man goes up to the shopping district he is entering a woman's realm, and that there he must remove his hat in an elevator. Still, and complicated, isn't it? The man reply that the elevator in office buildings are draughty.

No chivalry demands comfort. Now in the case of an individual who is courteous enough on old-fashioned enough to want to remove his head in the presence of women, I feel that the man who "laughs" at him merit nothing but his own scornful indifference. No man who lags any right to deny good manners in another man.

**Not Yet Adjusted.** Men haven't quite adjusted themselves to the fact that women are "on their own" in the world of commerce. In the process of making these adjustments, they seem to be losing a little of their chivalry.

A girl friend of mine laughed recently with a man for whom she has every respect and regard, and of whose character she is constantly singing his praises. Judge my amazement when I met them swinging up the street in a little shower, she carrying the umbrella and he sauntering along cavalierly with his hands in his pockets.

**"Too Rummy to Bother."** Presently they came to a cross street where she stopped to take the street car. Without waiting to help her on, he removed his hat in farewell and sauntered off.

Later when he and I were discussing his rather unchivalrous attitude toward a girl he liked, he laughed and said he was too busy to bother about little things.

Men were often lenient in their ideas of personal friendship, and it was with a relief to know that everything was all right.—Copyright 1916 by International News Service.

There's a life saver that the girl or fellow with the sorrows goes blindly for with all the soul in 'em; whose knees are the altar where they lay gifts and weary heads; whose face is almost hidden, so dazzling is the haze of the halo that rings it 'round; under whose feet a dead flower would live and grow dewy again, because she is the miracle woman—somebody's and everybody's Mother.

But now—there's the true species as we know it, the life guard who patrols our beaches, all fine old mahogany hue, gold sometimes, in a trifling bathing suit of royal blue, Chinese yellow, wistaria purple, or poppy red, with eyes twinkling with the wear of the sun on the sea, and hair peroxide by the sun. What if they should substitute for him the bathing girl?

another man's respectful, chivalrous attitude toward women.

Good manners are distinctly worth cultivating. Their importance may be exaggerated by a few snobs, but the people who underestimate the value of courteous treatment from individual to individual are greater blunders than even the snobs.

And the individuals who undervalue chivalry—courtesy from man to woman—are trampling underfoot flowers.

**THE GAMBLER.** "I hear Ned Nelson is to be married next week to a Miss Blank."

"Poor Ned! He never did have any luck."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, even in the matrimonial lottery it seems the best he can do is to draw a Blank."

Although King Ferdinand of Romania, when asked the price of a non-reigning family, and prince of a non-reigning family, he has been known to have sold his blood for a grand total of \$100,000.

And no man with any sense of courtesy or good form should ever laugh at

Wives I Might Have Been

The Wife Of a Stranger.

By JEAN NISLAN.

**I** WONDER if there are many girls in the world who have nearly married men they know very well, just because there was a certain attraction about them that was hard to resist. This happened to me on board a ship when the best looking man in my whole crowd beckoned to me.

"What was that tiniest incident often affects the fate of a kingdom. Would Have Been Tragedy."

Well, if it hadn't been interrupted at a psychological moment, I'm afraid that today I would have been married to Bob, and it would have been a happy marriage, because we were never apart for even a day.

I've been dancing on deck, and I suppose my new green evening gown had a great deal to do with it, for after a particularly wonderful waltz and Bob's steps did match mine just wonderfully, Bob said hurriedly:

"Let's take a stroll on deck, Anne, shall we?"

Of course I consented, but I didn't know that Bob was going to take me down stairs on the lower deck where the sea was very near, and the moon was about in the clouds.

Even a very determined girl can be distracted when proposed to in a stage setting like that.

Bob Asks the Question.

When Bob asked me to marry him—and he did it very well—I don't know what I would have answered if it hadn't been for that little curiosity box, Elsie Bayard.

And can ye now be seen the men folk runnin' as fast as their twinklin' legs can help 'em, with the notion of sinkin' in the sea as fast as is possible? Can ye see them holdin' their noses with one hand and the other aloft, and with a bubbling "help!" lettin' themselves down easy just out of sight? Can ye see a chubby nan bumpin' about in four inches of troubled surf-wash determined to need to be saved? Can ye see how a handsome animal of a chap kickin' and screamin' in a roller the like of which he's ridden in on since he was eight years? Can ye see the dark and beautiful blue sea springin' with hands for mile upon mile, as thick as the theory foam on it, and the wide sky ringin' with their cries?

—NELL BRINKLEY.

## Beauty Chats - By Edna Kent Forbes

## Delsarte Exercises

**ABOUT TWENTY YEARS** ago, perhaps not quite so long, there was a tremendous excitement about Delsarte exercises. According to beauty doctors of the time Delsarte exercises would make every woman who practiced them into an absolutely classic beauty. I remember sitting through long entertainments when I was quite a small girl, listening to some one recite verses and pages of poetry, all of it over my head, while some girl in the background draped herself into various positions expressive of the sentiment of the verses.

The Delsarte craze died a sudden death, very few people are taught the slow, rhythmic movements with which they used to express the fanciful emotions. Gymnastics to-day are full of snap and action. Yet the Delsarte exercises were really excellent as a means of developing grace and poise. It is doubtful if they increased the lung capacity, but they did train the muscles to steady, slow motions.

The present day fad for classic dancing will give all the rhythmic grace of the old Delsarte exercises, with much of the quick action of modern gymnastics. Every woman who finds it possible, should take up some form of dancing as an exercise, and the classic dances are to be preferred. Nearly every town of any size has an available gymnasium, and some one person who knows how to teach this art. The loose, light garment needed to practise in, the vigorous exercises for limbering up the muscles, the lithic, graceful movements of the dances themselves, will do wonders for digestion, complexion and figure. It will strip the flabby flesh from hips and waist, it will fill out thin legs, it will give a spring and an elasticity to one's movements that few other exercises could.

**Questions and Answers.** What sort of treatment would be best for me, to overcome an anemic condition? I am taking a tonic, given me by a doctor.—E.

**Reply.**—You cannot reduce the size of the wrist bones but you can put more flesh around them, thus making them seem smaller. Fresh building cream and massage will do this, as well as a diet to fasten you all over. The same treatment applies to the bust.

**Can I do anything to reduce the size of the bones in my wrists? What will make the bust larger?**—Anna C.

**Reply.**—You cannot reduce the size of the wrist bones but you can put more flesh around them, thus making them seem smaller. Fresh building cream and massage will do this, as well as a diet to fasten you all over. The same treatment applies to the bust.

**green vegetables, the mineral salts in these are just the thing for making new red blood.**

**Classic dancing has replaced much of the old Delsarte exercises—it is a wonderful beautifier.**

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